

Last Letter

Wanda Jackson

Why must you treat me as if I were only a friend
What have I done that's made you so different and cold
Sometimes I wonder if you'll be contented again
Will you be happy when you are withered and old

I cannot offer you diamonds or mansions so fine
I cannot offer you clothes that your young body crave
But if you'll say that forever that you will be mine
Think of the heartaches the tears and the sorrow you'll save

When you are weary and tired of another one's gold
When you are lonely remember this letter my own
Don't try to answer though I've suffered anguish untold
If you don't love me I wish you would leave me alone

While I am writing this letter I think of the past
And of the promises that you are breaking so free
But soon I'll bid my farewells to this whole world at last
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me